

Daily Eagle

ECHOES.

Long, long ago!
Strangely from the depths of Time
How every faint breeze will blow
Back echoes of the olden days
And still reverberate that strain
Long, long ago!
Long, long ago!
But oh, if it could be today—
Today, what then? Nay, love could go
Down no side as that olden way,
Where grief and pain—his honor lay—
Long, long ago!
—Martha Eileen Hoffman.

AN OCEAN MYSTERY.

It had been a sort of brooding day since dawn; thick, heavy, oppressive, with a light breeze that was like steam for warmth and damp, and a very quiet surface of ocean. Not so much as the head of a cloud had shown anywhere; yet the sea was as dingy as the atmospheric thickness could make it, with the sun in the midst of it like a red-hot iron ball and a water under him in the thick and dingy light. The light had passed for dripping of blood or slowly settling. At sundown, when the shadows entered this weather, it fell pitch dark. No man aboard the ship that lay motionless in the heart of it ever remembered a deeper blackness. There could have been nothing in the most stupor and lowering of electric storms to fling a more ebony complexion upon the deep than the night air now held. The wind, too, died out when the evening came down, and the vessel that had been slowly rippling through it all day was brought to a dead stand, with scarce heave enough in her frame to put life into the up and down canvas.

The ship was a few degrees south of the equator, an old-fashioned cargo vessel outward bound to an Australian port, with a purple-faced old Poplar man for a commander. The round shanked chap, coming on deck after a brief spell below in company with a bottle of whisky, stood a minute or two in the companion way, staring blindly against the blackness, then after a little groped over to the mate, one side of whose figure was just visible as he stood between the binnacle and the wheel, by the sheen of the light there touching it. "Well, well," he exclaimed, sniffing up at the air as though he would smell what was in it, "dye think, Mr. Jones Glass stands high, too. A man might marry a negress in this night and not know her by a side of bacon, let alone the color. God bless me, color! Why, you might make a hole in this darkness to lie down in."

He took a view of the compass card, heard what the mate had to say on the subject of the weather, and, after smoking a pipe, repaired below for a second drink, telling the mate that he would take forty winks on one of the cabin lockers, and that he was to be called once called if there came a change, no matter what form it might take. The mate watched the crimson light of the lantern mix himself a "second mate's nip"—he was plain in view through the open skylight—and then the worthy skipper stretched his fat figure along a locker, and his snoring presently arose into the darkness with a sound like the rushing of water up and down a beach of shingles.

The man at the wheel nodded; there was scarce a stir in the stiller chains, no twitch of the spokes to hint to the fellow to keep his head up. Forward in the blackness the stillness was that of a coffin. In what corner the watch on deck had called their bodies away no man knew, but the mate, who had mate-paced the deck slowly, often coming to a stand at the rail, lost in wonder at the phenomenal stillness upon the black shadow of the ocean. There was something soul-subduing in a night of such darkness and stillness as this. It made one walk lightly, as though there were a listening spirit in the air to be vexed by the rude crack of a board. It was a time to speak only in whispers, as you'd notice when at long intervals the mate addressed the fellow who was at the wheel, sounding his inquiry but a little above his breath. This went on till about 11 o'clock, ship, ocean and sky blending yet in one impenetrable shadow, charged with the mighty pulseless pause, as though the night, with sucked in breath, hung motionless in expectation. "Hark! did you hear that?" cried the mate, suddenly whispering out shrill with the amazement that was in him. "Ay, sir," answered the man at the wheel. "A broad awake voice, 'there it is again.' It was a sound of laughter out on the water off the starboard bow; whether human or not was scarcely to be guessed. The blackness, and then the great ocean solitude out of which it rang, would have put a wild unaccountable into the man at the wheel, as a girl's laugh; but there was an edge in it that owed nothing to the mystery of the night—an indescribable animal like harshness, a resemblance of human merriment, shocking by reason of its unreasonableness, a note running through it as of the mixed cry of the jackal and the hyena. "Bingo! it didn't sound like some swimming haboon—a hallooing of us," cried the helmsman. "Swimming haboon in your eye," answered the mate; "some drowned man's ghost, more like, fooling round, maybe, in hope of being laid by a drink."

The laugh again sounded, a sort of unreasoning, hallooing, like the meaningless howling of some drunken rascal staggering home in the small hours. "What the deuce is it?" said the mate. "Ain't that a winking of fire out there where the noise is, sir?" said the helmsman. The mate peered. "Ay, sure enough," said he; "it's a light. It looks like the sheen of a lamp or the dipping of an ear. Listen!" They both bent their ears. The long, demoniacal, blood-chilling laugh came floating off the water to the ship, and then a man cried out suddenly, in the blackness forward, "Here's some one hauling us out!" The mate put his head into the skylight and saw out into the night, who rolled off the locker and came on deck. By this time the watch, disturbed in their nap, had unclothed themselves and were at the rail. Every man was invisible to his fellow, close together as the sailors hung, but the darkness did not hinder them from speaking, and their voices rose a sort of hoarse, hoarse with wonder, not unmixed with apprehension.

"What is it, Mr. Jones?" asked the captain. "There's some out on the water, forward, laughing," answered the mate; "listen, sir; now you have it." It could scarcely be any longer doubted that the sounds were uttered by a human being. It was a man's hoarse laughter, a senseless, howling counterfeits of mirth, and this time it was followed on by an articulate cry, though the fellow was too far off to be intelligible. "Why, yes; sure enough," cried the captain. "There's some out there, but what the deuce is he finding to laugh at, and what's his craft?" He raised his voice. "Anybody make out what that chap yonder's about in?" "How heading for us," exclaimed one of the men, "this voice has grown as clear as a bell since first heard." "It'll be a boat," I allow," exclaimed another man; "fancy I heard the grind of an oar in those pines just now, and there's a flash of water at times."

For some minutes there was a dead stillness, while the mate, taking the lamp out of the binnacle, held it steady over the rail. In deed, it looked as though the sight of the lamp had silenced the fellow. There was nothing to be seen, stars and moon might, they could witness nothing distinguishing in the ink like void into which their gaze came blindly, saving the occasional sparkling of dry water to what was unquestionably the stealthy plying of an oar. Presently the old skipper roared out, "Boat, boy! what boat's that?" His voice was echoed in the unaccountable hidden canvas on high, but no answer was returned from the sea. There was a

other interval of dead stillness, with a faint sound now and again which suggested that the boat was being very softly and sneakily moving. Certainly the scintillation of the oar had vanished, and there was nothing to intimate the existence of the boat saving the sculling sound. "Confoundedly wonderful all this!" gasped the skipper, in a voice of intense excitement, puffing and blowing with the boat and with the amazement he was full of. As he said this a peal of mirthless laughter broke from the water, apparently within pistol shot of the ship's side. "Hail, hail! Show a light there. Hail, hail! I'm Saint Anthony. Hurray! boys. Saint Anthony in tow of a pig, by the living thunder. Hail, hail! Show a light there. Hurray! boys. Hurray! hail, hail! Hail, hail! The dreadful laugh died out. "There's only one way of dealing with this," cried the mate. He leaved into the cabin, was absent a minute, and then returned with a port fire, which he exploded over the side. Out gushed the foundered boat, flaring a broad, broad area of the water with a frightful radiance, and flashing up within biscuit shot the shape of what was apparently a ship's quarter boat, black, with the tall, seemingly half a dead figure of a man erect on midship thwart with hands held high in the posture of one who leaps as he falls with a shot in his heart. It was a picture not to be expressed in writing; the wild coloring of the port fire made an unimaginable vision of it; and then again there was the sudden ghastly brightening out of the wild light from the black canvas in which it had been buried. Saint Anthony, I believe, but St. Anthony, he, ha, ha, ha, cried the half nude creature, flourishing his arms as if in ecstasy at the sight of the green spot of flame. "Hoi! 'tis a good thing to be a saint, though! Alone, alone—alone, alone! I'm the sovereign of the sea, and St. Anthony, too. Hurray! boys! Hurray! boys! The port fire went out, and the blackness rolled down again dark upon the dazzle in the mate's eyes. "A mad sailor, sir," cried the mate; "some shipwrecked survivor with his brain gone. Great God! how horrible." "Lord, if one could but see!" exclaimed the captain; "we must have him aboard, though. Ah, here, come of you, get a boat lowered, and secure that poor fellow." "Hail, hail!" sounded out of the darkness. "I'm monarch of the night, I tell ye. I'm St. Anthony, too, my lievelies. Hurray! Nor-west; that's the course, boys. Hail, hail!" and the flash of water, accompanied by a grinding sound, estimated that the untimely creature was sculling away from the ship. The sailors came tumbling aft, and despite the blackness, in a few minutes a boat was in the water with four men in her, and the chief mate in the stern sheets groping to hang the rudder. "Show off—give way!" At the same moment a large glare of light was run aloft by the signal barges to the main peak, and other lights held along the ship's side. The moment the water was dashed up by the four oars of the men the madman, if such indeed he was, broke into a long mocking laugh, and then fell silent while he sculled with might and main. His wild father start would give him but a poor chance against four men. The boat swept up to him rapidly, guided by the sparkle of the water about his oar, but on a sudden this brilliance vanished; they could hear the oar thump furiously down, followed by a derisive yell that came to the pursuers with the sound of a bullet. He was a shrewd fellow, and he knew that the moment he was within reach of a shroud of anguish, and by the splash of the fellow's body as he flung himself overboard. "Vast rowing!" The boat floundered to the other, the five men holding their breath while they sent their glances over the black profound in search of a single scintillation to indicate the whereabouts of the mad creature. He was swimming, but no break of light was anywhere visible. They softly rowed here and there, and then, catching hold of the boat, they towed her to the ship's side, and made her fast for examination by daylight. Then by the morning's light the captain and mate examined her and found her an ordinary ship's boat, with the name Martha Williams painted in small black letters on her stern; a Scotch cap, a sailor's shirt and jacket, a belt and sheath knife were found in her; also an empty breaker, dry and resonant with the heat, and the half of a ship's biscuit, moldy and vermin eaten. It was afterwards ascertained that the Martha Williams was a missing ship long posted, and supposed to have foundered on a voyage to the Thames from Callao—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

A CHORUS OF STEERS.

Texas Cattle Trained to Bellow "Hail Columbia"—A Unique Concert.

It was now about 5 o'clock and the sun was rapidly approaching the horizon. The bovine orchestra was to perform as usual at 6, or about sunset, just before feeding time. Mr. Hemmway led the way to the home corral, a heavily timbered stockade just over the crest of a hill and about a quarter of a mile from the house. The cowboy band which had ridden out to meet him accompanied the party on horseback. It was a cool but calm April evening, the air balmy with the fresh prairie air and the faint perfume of wild flowers. As they approached the stockade the melodious bellows sounded over the pale. Within were just twenty of the most intelligent beasts in the whole herd of 50,000. Brawny, big boned, long horned and muley—some of them—smooth limbs, sleek coats and bright eyes marking them as crack cattle. They moved forward in a leisurely, self-contained way and stood looking at the cowboys. Six of the latter displayed a name made with their trombones, cornet, French horn, big horns and cymbals. Each cowboy took up a position by a particular ox.

Six of the cattle were now separated from their fellows and led by the horns to skeleton stalls of light poles, constructed for the purpose. Within were just twenty of the most intelligent beasts in the whole herd of 50,000. Brawny, big boned, long horned and muley—some of them—smooth limbs, sleek coats and bright eyes marking them as crack cattle. They moved forward in a leisurely, self-contained way and stood looking at the cowboys. Six of the latter displayed a name made with their trombones, cornet, French horn, big horns and cymbals. Each cowboy took up a position by a particular ox.

The Hemmway party stood slightly to one side, the unclothed cowboys, to the number of forty or more, in a group near them. Just as the sinking sun reached the horizon and seemed to linger for a moment before saying good night, Mr. Hemmway gave the signal. The cowboys at once struck up "Hail Columbia," playing that fine old air with much spirit and tolerable correctness. With the first note from each instrument the animal in its front raised its neck, opening its mouth to the widest capacity, and throwing its head back gave prolonged and musical utterance to sonorous sounds which, if they were not singing in the human voice, constituted something remarkably like it. The accord between the instruments and the vocal accompaniment of the bovine chorus was perfect. There was one harmonious volume of sound, that echoed far and wide with singular power and sweetness, carrying through the clustered trees of the western prairie's favorite song, and mellowing in the distance to a grand choral ode. But the most interesting part of the unique performance was yet to come. When the strains of the horns died away the cowboy performers withdrew and joined the other cowboys. Mr. Hemmway drew a revolver from his pocket and fired a shot. As the smoke curled up in the fading sunlight, the steers opened their mouths, threw their heads back and in perfect harmony went again through the air they had just finished. The ring and volume and sweetness of their voices were so much more impressive than the other. They chanted solemnly and correctly and lacked only articulation to be the champion sextet of the vocal world.—John Paul Boone in New York.

A MOCKING BIRD.

You mocking bird that whistling coars
Borrowed his little music scores,
And mimics every piping note,
By rhymer lovers lightly bowed,
Till down that molten silver pour,
Glebe on glebe, fast and faster;
Gibber on gibber, fast and faster;
Who counts all minutely his own?

But daylight ended—then faded,
As yet by a wound it was maddened,
His very singing soul broke through
Even so (lost Eden shut from view),
Some whistled note, to singing new,
When human lips first broke and sorrow—
Breathed notes too good like sweet to sorrow,
So, poet, shall it be with you.
—Amanda Jones in The Century.

A PANTHER'S CAVE.

Twenty years ago, before the disappearance of the buffalo, and before the power of the fighting tribes of Indians was broken, a white man could get almost any sort of adventure west of Omaha at a very early hour in the morning. The Blue mountain country of Oregon, in which rise two of the branches of the Columbia river, was once a hunter's paradise, and it was there the cinnamon and the grizzly bears grew the largest and were always aching for a row with some one. The first few white men in there after pelts chased so many perils that it was almost a miracle if any of them got out alive. The Indians were numerous and watchful, bears and panthers as thick as mice in a farm house, and an adventure of some sort was sure to occur daily.

I had been in a bit of cove or valley on the eastern side of the mountains for ten or twelve days when I got anything like a scare. It was within fifty miles of the south line of Washington territory, and the country for a hundred miles around me was in the same savage state as when Columbus discovered the continent. The Indians were further east, on the Snake river, or further west, on the Columbia, but the bears and panthers were as thick as mice in a farm house, and an adventure of some sort was sure to occur daily.

On the tenth or eleventh day of my stay I left camp at an early hour in the morning for a hunt. I followed the river and in half a mile, and then turned into a ravine which was the bed of a creek during the melting of the snows. It ascended very gradually, and I had been following it for half an hour when it took a sharp bend to the right. At this point there was a hole in the right bank, and as I halted to look at it I wondered if it was not the home of some savage beast. I had moved on about 500 feet when a grizzly, which had been lying down among the broken rocks, suddenly rose before me. I was looking for his kind, but his appearance was so sudden and he showed fight so quickly that I was not prepared to meet him. He was a big fellow, and he was a single barreled rifle, and I also had a knife and revolver. The bullet struck him in the left shoulder, and he spun around a dozen times like a top. I was reloading when he got ready to turn and attack me for a shot. It had to be a snap shot, for more than thirty feet separated us. Mine was a single barreled rifle, and I also had a knife and revolver. The bullet struck him in the left shoulder, and he spun around a dozen times like a top. I was reloading when he got ready to turn and attack me for a shot. It had to be a snap shot, for more than thirty feet separated us. Mine was a single barreled rifle, and I also had a knife and revolver. The bullet struck him in the left shoulder, and he spun around a dozen times like a top. I was reloading when he got ready to turn and attack me for a shot. It had to be a snap shot, for more than thirty feet separated us. Mine was a single barreled rifle, and I also had a knife and revolver. The bullet struck him in the left shoulder, and he spun around a dozen times like a top. I was reloading when he got ready to turn and attack me for a shot. It had to be a snap shot, for more than thirty feet separated us. 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